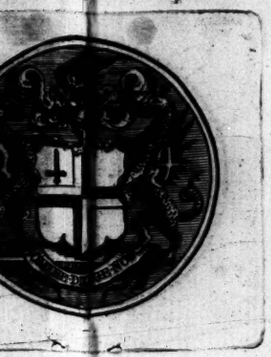
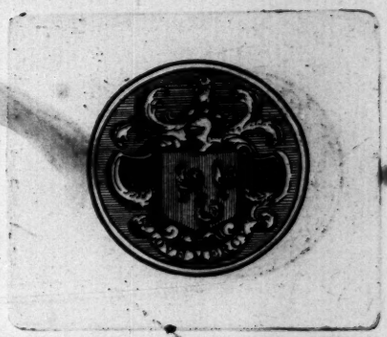


læti largimur honores.



TO THE

Right Honourable *Francis Cokayne*, Eſq;

On his being Elected

LORD-MAYOR.

MY long lov'd Friend, how does my Soul rejoice
To ſee thy Merit Crown'd by PUBLICK VOICE.
To this high Point how eaſy have You roſe,
Not courting HONOURS, but to HONOURS choſe.
Your STEADY JUSTICE, all Men muſt approve,
And ALL who *know* YOU, Your *Good-Nature* love.
Who with *kind Offices* will ſtill attend,
The *weeping* SUPPLIANT, and the *ſighing* FRIEND.
When SHERIFF, You, a *great Example* gave,
Of *true Compaſſion*, where You muſt not ſave.
With *BLACHFORD* in each *Uſeful* Act You join,
In every *Great*, in every *Good* Deſign.
The *City* make Your more peculiar Care,
Raiſing *its Glory*, in that Glory ſhare.
The *City*, which our Bulwark long hath ſtood,
For *Britain*'s FREEDOM, and for *Britain*'s GOOD.
May *it* ſtill flouriſh; the *ſame Paths* purſue;
Bleſs'd with ſuch *upright Magiſtrates* as You.
Lovers of *Trade*, *firm* to their *Country's Cauſe*,
Sincerely zealous for our *Church* and *Laws*;
Above *Corruption*, with *true Engliſh* Mind,
Lovers of *Virtue*, *Lovers* of *Mankind*.